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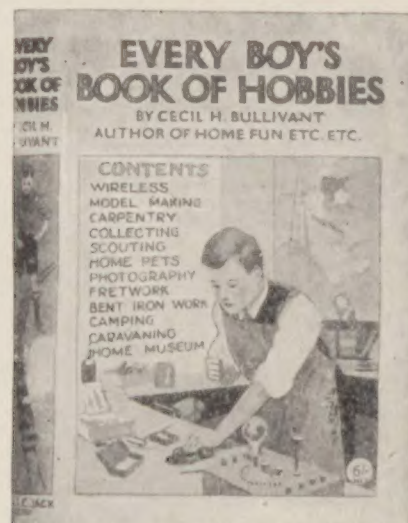
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

AUGUST 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

Stumpy

BY E. E. MILLARD

LITTLE Joan's favourite doll was by no means beautiful. "Stumpy" had no legs, and one of her arms was broken off at the elbow. There was no smile on her face: she did nothing but stare. Her once handsome Dutch costume was faded and ragged, and she was usually wrapped round with a strip of an old red plaid shawl.

"Stumpy" had a habit of turning up in the most unexpected places. Papa would go to reach a book from his bookcase, and "Stumpy" would fall out too. Or just as mother was going to sit in the nursery rocking-chair when she came to tell the children a "good-night" story, she would notice that the cushion did not lie flat, and lift it up—to find "Stumpy." Betty and May, and even Cecil in his snug little room next to the nursery, were always careful to examine their beds before getting in, as it was most uncomfortable to strike one's bare toes against the wooden body of "Stumpy," and hear Joan's shouts of delight.

"It will be so nice to play with boys for a change," said Cecil to his father in the train. He was going to school, and he would not see his sisters again before the Christmas holidays.

All was so new and interesting that first night that Cecil had no time to be homesick. His bed was in a long dormitory, where slept fifteen other little boys; and he was awake a long time wondering which of them would be his chum.

After breakfast the next morning the boys were sent to the boxroom to take out all their clothes and arrange them on their beds, so that Matron could see that every garment was clearly marked. Cecil felt

proud of his new suits and his other warm garments, and he placed them in neat piles, bringing an armful at a time from his box. The other boys of his dormitory were out to play before he had finished.

He was alone in the boxroom, and was just going to run upstairs with his dressing-gown, when the folds came apart, and out tumbled "Stumpy" in her plaid shawl! She fell with a thud that made Cecil jump. But how quickly he seized her, and pushed her right to the bottom of his box! Then he tried to turn the key, but the lock was



broken. The bell rang, and he had to leave it, and hope that nobody would discover his little sister's naughty prank.

Poor Cecil! His one thought now was to get rid of "Stumpy"—but how? Being summer-time there were no fires in the classrooms, so he could not burn her. He dared not hide her with his clothes in

his locker upstairs, because Matron might discover her; and how the boys would tease him! He did not feel it was safe to leave the doll in a box that could not be locked.

For a day or two he kept "Stumpy" in brown paper at the back of his desk behind his books; but soon he learned that his form master might order him at any time to turn out his desk.

"I say, Eric," he said to the boy with whom he had become very friendly, "how would you get rid of anything?"

"Oh, put it in the waste-paper basket or on the fire."

"But there are no fires yet."

"Well, why not throw it in the river? What is it?"

Cecil blushed. "It's—it's something I brought from home by mistake."

"Right ho! On Saturday afternoon I'll come with you down to the ferry, and show you the best place."

So on the half-holiday, during a cricket match, the two little boys slipped unnoticed from the field and made their way to the river.

"Don't speak too loudly," advised Eric. "It's out of bounds, you know."

Cecil had a queer-shaped parcel hidden beneath his coat. There was a cottage near the ferry, where lived the Irishman who took people over the river. The boys crouched behind some bushes until his boat was half-way across. Then Cecil threw his parcel as far out into the water as he could, but he forgot that one could not drown "Stumpy."

"Run for it!" cried Eric, as the cottage door opened and a little girl appeared.

Presently they stopped to rest in the shade of a big oak. Eric threw himself full length on his back and closed his eyes; and Cecil was about to imitate him when he saw to his horror the ferryman's little girl coming towards them and waving a bedraggled "Stumpy."

Cecil sprang to meet her.

"Please," she whispered shyly, "I got your doll out for you with Daddy's old boat-hook."

"I don't want the wretched thing!" exclaimed Cecil.

"Not *want* it? Why, I never had a dolly in my life!"

"Then take this one; *please* do!" urged Cecil, thrusting "Stumpy" into her arms. "And here's sixpence if you promise never to tell how you got it."

The child readily promised, and ran home hugging her new treasure.

That evening Cecil had a letter from his mother. In it she said: "A strange thing has happened. Nobody has seen or heard anything of 'Stumpy' since you went away, and, to tell you the truth, we are not at all sorry!"

Common Objects of the Country

PASS we now from the Flitter-Mouse to the Mouse.

In the fields, in the farmyards, in the barns, and in the ricks are to be found hundreds of certain little animals called Field-Mice. Acting on the principle that I have just laid down, I shall take the most common and, I think, the prettiest species—the Common Short-tailed Field-Mouse, shown on this page.

The fur of this creature is strongly tinged with red, and by its colour alone it is easily to be distinguished from the common grey or brown mouse. Its tail is short and stumpy, looking just as if it had been cut off at an early period of life, and its nose is more rounded than that of the common mouse. Indeed,



SHORT-TAILED FIELD-MOUSE.

it has a very bluff and farmer-like aspect, and looks as if it ought to wear top-boots.

Common as these little creatures are, they are seldom seen, because they keep themselves so close to the ground, and are so like it in colour, that they cannot easily be seen among the grass stalks.

Their speed is not nearly so great as that of the house-mice, but they are much more difficult to catch; for they wind among the grass so lithely, and press upon the earth so closely, that the fingers cannot readily close on them, even when they are discovered. For this reason they seem to become very bold, and run about a field in fear of nothing but the kestrel.



When first I made a personal acquaintance with these creatures, it was under rather peculiar circum-



THE KESTREL.

stances. There is a certain field, which was given up to football, cricket, hockey, and similar games, as soon as the grass was converted into hay and removed.

One day I was very tired with running, and lay down to rest on a pile of coats that had been laid aside; my eyes were fixed on one spot of earth, just visible between the grass stalks, but without any particular object. Presently I thought I saw a something red glide across the spot, but was not certain. However, I leaned over the place, and a little farther on saw the same thing again. So I made a sharp pounce at the object, and found that I had caught a short-tailed field-mouse.

Now here was this saucy little animal taking a walk close to the wicket, in spite of the bats, ball, and runners. In order to watch it, I released it, and followed it in its progress. After doing so for a few minutes, I happened to look up for a moment; and when I again looked for the creature, it was gone, and I could not find it again.

By and by I became expert enough to find them whenever I wished; and if I wanted a field-mouse, I seldom had to examine more than a square yard of ground without finding one.

They are very harmful little creatures, for they are not content with eating corn, but nibble the young shoots of various plants, and sometimes strip young trees of their bark.

Fortunately we have friends in air and on earth, in the owls and kestrels, stoats and weasels, or the damage done by these red-skinned robbers would be more than serious.

Some idea of the damage that may be done by the complete numbers of these field-mice may be formed from the fact that in Dean Forest and the New Forest great numbers of holly plants were entirely destroyed by them, they having eaten off the bark for a distance of several inches from the ground. And other trees were favoured with the notice of the field-mouse, but in a different way. Great numbers of oaks and chestnuts were found dead, and pulled up; and when pulled up, it was seen that their roots had been gnawed through, about two inches below the level of the ground.

Various means of destroying the little thieves were put in practice, such as traps, poison, etc., but the most effectual was, as effectual things generally are, the most simple.

A great number of holes were dug in the ground, about two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and eighteen inches deep. This is the measurement at the bottom of the hole; but at the top the hole was only eighteen inches long and nine wide, so that when mice fell into it they were unable to escape.



THE OWL.

In these holes upwards of forty thousand mice were taken in less than three months.

Like most of the mouse family, the field-mouse is

easily tamed ; and I have seen one that would come to the side of its cage and take a grain of corn from its owner's fingers.

There is another kind of mouse which may be found in the autumn, together with its most curious nest. This is the harvest-mouse, the tiniest of British quadrupeds, two harvest-mice being hardly equal in weight to a halfpenny.

The chief point of interest in this little creature is its nest, which is often found by mowers and hay-makers when they use their eyes.

One of these nests, that was brought to me by a mower, was about the size of a cricket ball, and almost as round. It was composed of dried grass-stems, interwoven with each other in a manner equally ingenious and perplexing. It was hollow,



WATER-RAT.

without even a sign of an entrance ; and the substance was so thin that every object would be visible through the walls. How it was made to retain its shape, and how the mice were able to go in and come out, I could not even imagine. The nest was fastened to two strong and coarse stems of grass that had grown near a ditch.

If we walk along the bank of a stream or a pond, we may perhaps hear a splash, and looking in its direction, may see a creature diving or swimming, which creature we call a Water-Rat ; to the title of rat, however, it has but little right, and ought properly to be called the " Water-Vole."

On examining the banks we shall find the entrance to its abode, being a hole in the earth, just above the water, and generally, where possible, made just under a root or a large stone. Sometimes the hole is

made at some height above the water, and then it often happens that the kingfisher takes possession, and there makes its home. Whether it ejects the rat or not I cannot say, but I should think that it is quite capable of doing so.

Many a time I have seen the entrance to a rat hole decorated with a few stray fish bones, which the rustics told me were the relics of fish brought there and eaten by the water-rat. But I soon found out that fish bones were a sign of kingfishers, and not of rats ; and so guided, found plenty of the beautiful eggs of this beautiful bird. Except for the eggs of swallows and martins, I hardly know any so beautiful as those of the kingfisher, with their slight rose tint and semi-transparent shell. But, alas ! when the interior of the egg is removed, the pearly pinkness vanishes, and the shell becomes of a pure white, very pretty ; but not containing a tithe of its former beauty.

The fish-catching habits of the kingfisher are not the only cause of the slanderous reports concerning the water-vole, and its supposed crime of killing and eating fish. The common house-rat often frequents the water-side ; and, it being a great flesh-eater, certainly does catch and eat the fish.

But the water-rat is a vegetable feeder, as I can prove.

In former days, when I thought the water-rats ate fish, I waged war against them. However, I found out that I had been wrong.

I saw a water-rat sitting on a kind of raft that had formed from a bundle of reeds which had been cut and were floating down the river. Seeing it busily at work feeding, I took it for granted that it was eating a fish and shot it.

On rowing up to the spot, I was rather surprised to find that there was no fish there ; and on examining the reeds, I rather wondered at the regular grooves cut by my shot. But a closer inspection revealed a very different state of things ; namely, that the poor dead rat was quite innocent of fish eating, and had been gnawing the green bark from the reeds, the grooves being the marks left by its teeth. After this I gave up rat shooting, on principle.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher (to scholars). " I will give a crown to any one of you who can ask me a question that I cannot answer."

Georgie. " Please, teacher, why am I like the Prince of Wales ? "

Teacher. " I am afraid that beats me, Georgie ; what is the answer ? "

Georgie. " Please, teacher, because I am waiting for the crown."

Georgie got his money !



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



Tramp. "Thank you for the dumpling, kind lady; here is the basin back."

Lady. "But where is the cloth the dumpling was in?"

Tramp. "Oh, was there one? I didn't see it."

Sent in by MARTHA CANTLEY,
22 Fairview, Castle Hill, Rathfriland, Co. Down.

+ + +

Employer (to office boy applicant). "Where are your parents?"

The Boy. "I ain't never saw them."

Employer. "Great Scott! boy, have you forgotten your grammar?"

The Boy. "'Aint never saw 'er, neither, master."

Sent in by SYDNEY HOLMES,
The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

+ + +

Fond Mother. "My son Jack is playing in a football match to-day."

Friend. "How nice! In what position does he play?"

Fond Mother. "Well, I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

Sent in by HONOR FORTUNE,
12 Elborough Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

+ + +

A TEACHER in the East End received the following letter from the mother of one of his pupils: "Dear Sir—Please don't give Charlie any more homework. That sum about 'How long would it take a man to walk forty times round Trafalgar Square?' caused his father to lose a whole day's work. Then when he'd walked it, you marked the sum wrong."

Sent in by REGGIE COOKSON,
Primrose Farm, Hesketh Bank, near Preston.

+ + +

A MAN was touring in a small two-seater and ran out of petrol when miles from the nearest garage. Consequently great was his joy when he saw a covered van lumbering towards him.

"If you'll tow me to the next village," he said, "I'll give you a pound. I've run out of petrol."

The bargain was struck, and presently the procession began. When the village was reached the motorist was cut adrift and the pound note changed hands.

"By the way, what is your line of business?" asked the motorist, suddenly suspicious of the sight of certain cans in the covered van.

"Oh, I take petrol round to the country gentry, sir," replied the man. "Would you like a tin?"

Policeman (to boy climbing fence at cup-tie). "Now then, my lad, what's the game?"

Boy. "One goal each, up to now, guv'nor!"

+ + +

LITTLE Johnny was washing his hands and face, when his sister came in and said, "Why don't you look in the glass and see if your face is clean?" "I don't need to," said Johnny. "I look at the cloth."

Sent in by ROBERT COPPACK,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

+ + +

Bride. "Oh you bad boy! What are you dressed as a bandit for? That's not the proper dress for a wedding page!"

Tommy (as bandit). "Didn't you tell me I was to hold up a train?"

+ + +

Two boys were speaking in school one day, so the teacher called one of them out.

Teacher. "What did you say?"

Small Boy. "I asked my friend if he knew what a mountain was."

Teacher. "Well, do you know?"

Small Boy. "Yes, miss."

Teacher. "What is it, then?"

Small Boy. "A field with its back up."

Sent in by ROSIE PETERS,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

+ + +

A WOMAN stopped a bus conductor and told him not to start till she had got on top. When she reached the last step he called out, "Are you all right, madam?"

"No," came the reply, "I am coming down again."

She came down, and stepped off on to the pavement.

"Where did you want to go to, madam?" asked the conductor.

"Well," was the reply, "I'm not going anywhere to-day, but if it's fine I might go for a ride to-morrow, and I wanted to see if I could get up the steps to the top."

+ + +

A TRAMP called at the house of a blunt farmer and asked for food and clothes.

"You appear to be a stout, hearty-looking man," said the farmer. "What do you do for a living?"

"Why, not much," replied the fellow, "except travel from one place to another."

"Travel about, ha!" rejoined the farmer. "Can you travel well?"

"Oh, yes," returned the beggar, "I'm pretty good at that."

"Well, then," said the farmer, "let's see you travel."

The Builders of Long Ago

PART V.—PARTS OF A BUILDING

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

WHEN I was small and began to be interested in beautiful old buildings, I used to get so "muddled up" with the names given to different parts of a building.

But of course *you* are not likely to be so bad as I was, though even you may find the names that I tell you about this month a little difficult.

To help you to remember them I advise you to keep this month's (and next month's) copy of the *Children's Paper* very carefully, so that you can pack them with your own special holiday luggage.

Never mind if you can't remember the "definition" of a word, as long as you know what the object is like; and if you will look carefully at these little diagrams, I think that you ought to be able to do so.

During this month and next, I am going to give you a sort of little dictionary of words used in architecture.

I shall divide it into two parts. This month I will tell you of things to be found *inside* a building; next month of things *outside*.

Inside a Building

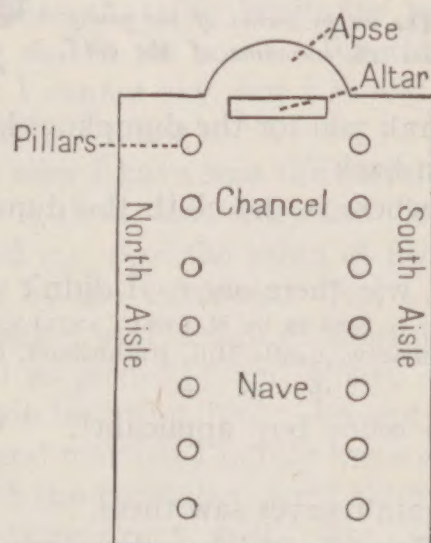
An *Abacus* is the flat slab of stone on the top of a pillar. It is always a little larger than the capital, for it has to bear the weight of the arches.

An *Apse* is the semi-circular East End (where the altar stands) found in some churches.

An *Arcade* is a row of arches built right against a wall.

The *Base* is the part of the pillar that rests on the ground. (Isn't it a lucky thing that easy words used by "ordinary" folks are also sometimes used by architects to name some part of a building? It would be still more difficult if they had found grand long names for everything, wouldn't it?)

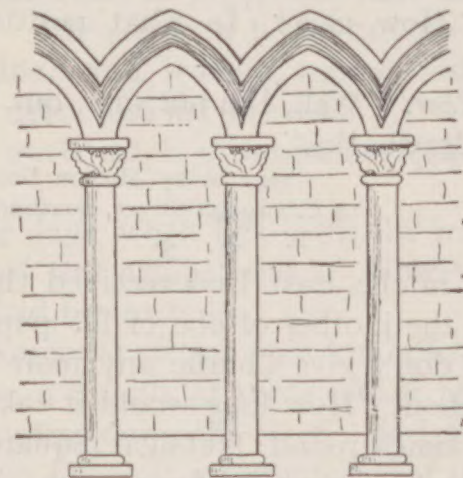
A *Billet* is an "ornament" used in Norman architecture, although not nearly so common as the "zigzag" of which I told you in the April number.



APSE.

A *Boss* is a beautifully carved wooden or stone ornament at the point where the ribs of the ceiling (or "vault" as it is really called) join.

A *Canopy* is a beautiful covering over a choir-stall, niche, or window. The most elaborate ones are

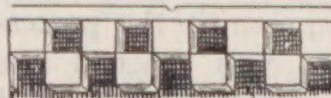


ARCADE.

naturally found in buildings of the Decorated Period (see the June *Children's Paper*).

A *Crocket* is a leaf-like ornament attached to a canopy, pinnacle, etc.

Cruciform.—A building in the form of a cross. This was the usual "ground plan" of a church.



BILLET MOULDING.

(Both round billets and square billets are found.)

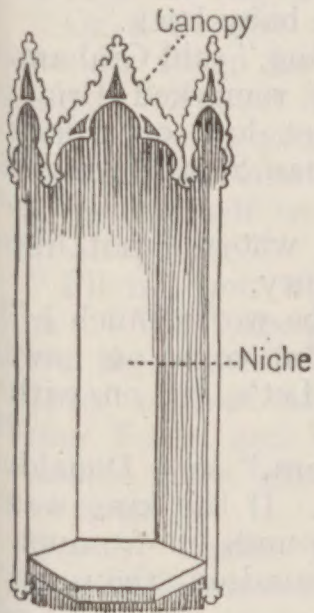


BOSS.

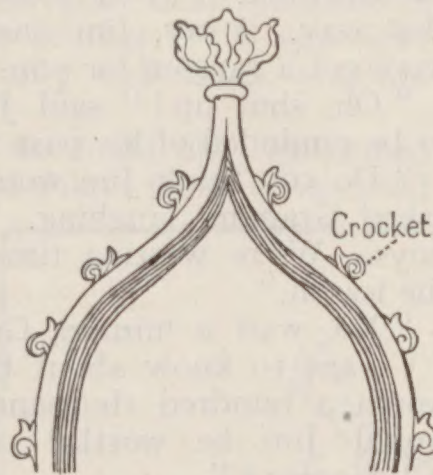
The short side arms of the cross are called the transepts.

A *Piscina* is a stone basin found close to the right-

hand side of the altar. It has a drain, and was used for washing the vessels used at Holy Communion.

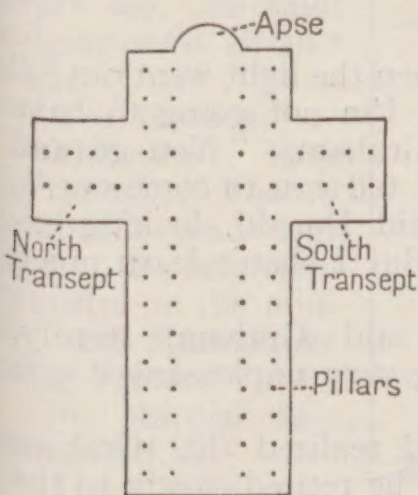


CANOPY.

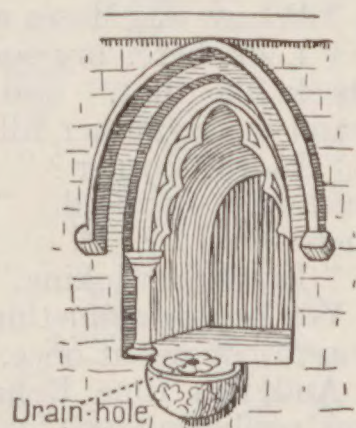


CROCKETS ON OGEE CANOPY.

A *Poppy-head* is the commonest form of carved ornament at the top of a pew end.



CRUCIFORM.

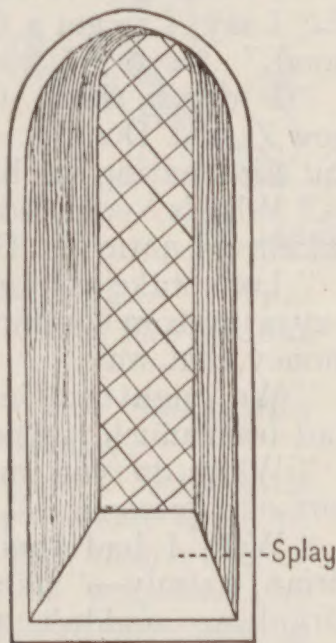


PISCINA.

A *Splay* is the slanting wall of a window. The narrow Norman and Early English windows were



POPPY-HEAD.



SPLAY.

made in such thick walls that very little light was able to get into the church, so a "splay" was usually made.

Well, if you remember even these words and their meanings, and *can pick the objects out the next time you visit an old building*, you will know more about architecture than some grown-ups I know. So good luck to you!

Wordsworth on Architecture

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE

I

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

II

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam:
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

✦ ✦ ✦

First Boy. "New boy, aren't you?"
Second Boy. "Yes."
First Boy. "Where d'you live?"
Second Boy. "With my mother."
First Boy. "Where does your mother live?"
Second Boy. "With me."
First Boy. "And where do you both live?"
Second Boy. "Together."

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER IX—continued

EARLY in October, Dr. Barker decided that although Mrs. Marston was better, she was not yet strong enough to stand the cold of a severe north-country winter, and as the Rector could not leave his parish, it was arranged that she should go and stay with her own parents in the south for about six months. She hated leaving the children for so long, and especially the thought of being away for Christmas, and for Donald's birthday which came in November, but the doctor insisted that it was her only chance of getting really strong again, so she had to promise to go. But it was settled that Ursula should go too, so that she would have one of them with her, and Ursula, who was seven now, needed less looking after than Anne, and was likely to be a more restful companion than either of the boys.

Brian and Donald were dreadfully upset when they heard the news. They were rather jealous of Ursula, although they did not really want to go themselves, but six months seemed such an endless time to be without their mother. They promised that they would be extremely good, and would write to her very often; and in order to make the time go more quickly they collected a great variety of calendars, and went through an elaborate ceremony every evening of crossing off the days. But in spite of their promises, it was not long before the plans of the Secret Brotherhood led them into trouble again, and this time it did not end so pleasantly for themselves.

It began one day during a history lesson, when Graham was telling them about Richard I. being taken prisoner by his enemies and money having to be collected for his ransom.

"His ransom?" said Donald. "What does that mean?"

"Oh, I know," said Brian. "It's when somebody takes another chap prisoner, and his friends have to pay to get him back again."

"But they'd have to collect a lot of money if he was a king, I suppose," said Donald. "How much would it be? Millions of pounds?"

"I think it was supposed to be a hundred thousand pounds for Richard's ransom," answered Graham. "The people had to pay very heavy taxes."

"Do people ever pay ransoms for prisoners that aren't kings?" asked Jim.

"Oh yes. They might have to. Haven't you ever read stories of brigands doing it?"

"I read about some gipsies stealing a baby once," said Brian, "and they got money for it when the family wanted the baby back."

"That's the same kind of thing," said Graham.

"It's rather a good idea," remarked Brian, thoughtfully. "You could get lots of money that way. I say, Jim, that man Strange might have got a ransom for you."

"Oh, shut up!" said Jim, who did not like to be reminded of his past history.

"Do you think Jim would be worth much?" asked Graham, laughing. "But come on now, boys. We're wasting time. Let's get on with the lesson."

"No, wait a minute, Graham," said Donald. "I want to know about this. If the king was worth a hundred thousand pounds, how much would Jim be worth? A hundred thousand halfpennies?"

"That's nonsense, Donald. You're not to talk unless you want to ask really sensible questions."

"I do want to ask a most extremely sensible question," said Donald.

"Well, what is it?"

"Where was Moses when the light went out?"

"Look here, my son, I'm not going to have cheek like that," said Graham. "You go and stand in the corner till I tell you to come out."

"In the corner?" said Donald, looking exceedingly surprised. "But I shan't learn much there, shall I?"

"I'm not joking," said Graham, sternly. "You'll learn something very unpleasant if you don't obey me at once."

And this time Donald realized that Graham was really annoyed, and he retired slowly to the most distant corner of the room, trying to look as if he didn't care.

At the end of the morning, when lessons were over, Brian said to the other two boys,—

"I say, I've got a topping idea for the Brotherhood."

"I don't think Graham deserves anything now," said Donald. "I'd just like to pay him out for treating me like that this morning."

"What's your idea, Brian?" asked Jim, taking no notice of Donald's remarks.

"Let's take a prisoner, and make some one pay a ransom for him. We might get heaps of money that way."

"We might not," said Donald, whose temper had been much ruffled by his punishment.

"What do you mean?" said Jim. "What sort of a prisoner?"

"Well, I had thought of a baby," answered Brian, calmly—"like the gipsies did. But I'm afraid we couldn't manage that. It would be such an awful nuisance to feed while its people were collecting the ransom. And I don't know

where we could keep it, either. But perhaps a dog or a cow might do."

"Or a donkey might do, and we shouldn't have far to go for that," said Donald, aggressively. "I never heard such rot!"

"Look here, you'll get your head smacked in a minute," returned his brother. "If you can't behave yourself we'll jolly well chuck you out of it altogether."

"I'll tell you what we could do," exclaimed Jim. "What about old Pike's pigs? We could drive them into the empty sty at the Home Farm, and he wouldn't guess where they were."

Donald began to take a little more interest in the scheme, but had still one more objection to make.

"There isn't an empty sty," he said, dodging out of Brian's reach.

"Yes, there is."

"There isn't. How can there be? There's Arabella and her babies in one, and Augustus in the middle, and Marmaduke in the corner."

"No. Marmaduke's been killed."

"Jim! are you sure? Why ever weren't we told? How beastly mean of Watson to do it without letting us know."

"He told me this morning that he didn't let us know because you two chased his sheep last week."

"Bother his old sheep!" said Brian. "What can we do to pay him out for killing Marmaduke secretly?"

For a moment his thoughts were occupied with this fresh problem, till Jim exclaimed,—

"Oh, never mind Marmaduke now. Let's settle about this ransom. Donald, you must be in it. You're much better at driving pigs than we are."

Donald allowed himself to be won over by this flattery, and the boys discussed the question carefully. Probably none of them had the least hope really of getting any ransom, but the needs

of the Brotherhood made quite a good enough excuse for the kind of mischievous prank they all loved.

CHAPTER X

FARMER PIKE'S REVENGE

DURING the afternoon the three conspirators made up a wonderful ultimatum addressed to Farmer Pike, explaining that his pigs had fallen into the hands of their enemies, and could only be recovered if the farmer put a ransom of fifty pounds in the box which he would find in the hollow tree by the pond. The ransom was to be in gold, and if not paid within twenty-four hours, the prisoners would be shot at dawn on the following day.

This document was written out very elaborately with many flourishes, and ornamented with a great deal of red sealing-wax taken from Mr. Marston's writing-table. It was not done without leaving traces of both ink and sealing-wax on the table; but the boys were too busy to notice little details of that sort at the time, although later on, when their father came in, he did not fail to draw their

attention to it, with considerable emphasis.

After tea, when the men had either gone home or were working in other directions, the boys rather skilfully managed to conduct their captives from Pike's farm to Marmaduke's empty sty at the Home Farm, and Donald especially proved himself very expert at the job. It was evident that they had all had practice at it on some other occasions. As the pigs had already been fed, the boys decided that it was not likely that their absence would be discovered until the next morning, and Brian intended to fix up their



proclamation on the farmer's gate, on his way to the Hall for lessons.

They did this, as arranged, not knowing that in the meantime Farmer Watson had found his visitors in the home of the late Marmaduke, recognized them, and told his neighbour, Farmer Pike, who did not need the proclamation to tell him who was responsible for this. Unfortunately, Pike was not on very good terms with the boys, for they were always getting into mischief and playing pranks on him in some way or other, so he was determined that they should be made to suffer for their latest crime: they had so often escaped on former occasions when their tricks had really deserved punishment.

The boys were very fidgety during lessons that morning, for they knew that at any rate the result of their deed would be rather exciting, although it might not take the form they wanted. Jim, especially, got into trouble with Graham for being very inattentive, for his seat was nearest the window, so he could see the hollow tree, and was watching for the payment of the ransom (!), or for any other movement on the part of the enemy. But after being called to order three times, he was made to move to another chair, and condemned to stay in at the end of the morning to do some extra sums.

So it was the two Marstons alone who came in for the full force of the farmer's wrath. He lay in wait for them as they were going home to dinner, seized Brian by the arm, and reminded them of the various tricks they had played on him lately, which had so far remained unavenged. Brian could not escape, in spite of his struggles, and Donald would not desert his brother. They both saw very quickly that Pike was not going to treat the matter as a joke (or to pay any ransom!). But it became serious when the farmer announced that he would just find out what their father had to say to young scamps like them playing such tricks on a busy man, and interfering with his work.

"Oh don't tell him, please, Mr. Pike! Do let us off just this once," begged Brian. "We really won't do it again."

"Darling Mr. Pike, you couldn't be so cruel!" said Donald. "We'll go on our bended knees to you."

But the farmer was quite unmoved, even by Donald's endearments.

"Ay, that's all very well, Master Brian. (Get up out of that mud, Master Donald!) Just this once, you says, but, ye see, I've heard that tale afore. This time it's been just once too often. Who was it, I should like to know, as opened that gate only last week, and drove all them cattle into the wrong field? And what about that there donkey what got shut in among my

turnips? He never went there of his own accord. I'll be bound."

"But donkeys will do all sorts of things that you'd never expect, Mr. Pike, darling!"

"You ain't a-going to get round me with that foolish talk, Master Donald. I've had enough of this lettin' of you off, I reckon, and now I be a-goin' straight to your feyther, and you be comin' along of me. It ain't no manner of use you wriggling like that, Master Brian. I be strong enough to hold a chap like you fast enough. And you'll only hurt yourself strugglin'."

The boys begged hard, but in vain; and with Pike firmly holding an arm of each they were marched off to the Rectory.

It was unlucky for them that they happened to arrive at a time when their father was very busy finishing something which had to catch the post before lunch. The maid who opened the door in answer to Pike's knock guessed what was happening when she saw his prisoners, and perhaps she had some score against them to pay off on her own account, for when the Rector asked if she knew what Pike wanted to see him about she answered,—

"I think he wants to complain about something the young gentlemen have been doing, sir. He's got them both with him, and they were looking very cross, and trying to get away."

"Oh, very well. I suppose I shall have to see him, then," said Mr. Marston; but he was very much annoyed at the interruption, and this fact did not make things better for the culprits.

Pike made the most of his story, and told all about their former tricks as well as this one, which they thought exceedingly mean of him. By the time he had finished, they could see that their father was going to be very angry with them.

"I suppose you can't deny that you did do all these things that Pike is complaining of, Brian?" he asked. And when the boys had admitted that the charges were true, he said, "Very well, Pike. You were quite right to let me know about this, and the boys shall be well punished. I'm sorry I can't spare you any longer time this morning as I'm very busy, but if they do anything of this kind again, please let me know at once. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, and thank you, sir. I'm sorry to have interrupted you," said Pike. Then at the eleventh hour his heart softened towards the criminals, and he added, "You won't be too hard on 'em, sir? Boys will be boys, I know, and I dare say the young gentlemen didn't mean no harm. Only these tricks does annoy a man, and they don't always think of the time it wastes."

But it was too late.

"I don't wonder you're annoyed. I'm not

going to allow it to go on," said Mr. Marston, and Pike went out, leaving the boys to their fate.

Instead of scolding them at once, however, their father sat down again at his writing-table, only saying sharply,—

"Stay there till I'm free to attend to you."

The boys thought it very heartless of him to keep them in suspense like this. They waited, not daring to move, for nearly ten minutes, which seemed to them like hours. At last he finished his work, went into the hall to put his letter outside to be posted, and came back with a cane in his hand, so there was no longer any doubt about their punishment.

"I'm perfectly sick of hearing complaints about you," he began abruptly. "This is not by any means the first, and it has got to stop."

He paused, and Brian ventured to say,—

"One time we were playing at being Border raiders, and yesterday—"

But his father interrupted him.

"I'm not going to waste any more time listening to your ridiculous excuses," he said. "You know as well as I do what they are worth. I'm going to whip you both. Brian, you first. Hold out your hand."

When it was over, it was a very silent meal that followed. Donald was openly crying, and Brian trying very hard to pretend that he was not, while their father read a newspaper and took no notice of them. They thought Jim had been very lucky to escape with nothing worse than the extra sums Graham had given him, but it was certainly a fact that he had had nothing to do with several of the crimes of which Pike had complained. They were wise enough to keep out of mischief for quite a long time after this, and the next adventure they had was of a very different kind and not their own fault.

But, strangely enough, it brought them much nearer to finding a fortune than any of the Brotherhood's ill-fated schemes had done.

(To be continued.)

The Jester Condemned to Death

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon

A royal jester

Had in his train, a gross buffoon,

Who used to pester

The court with tricks inopportune,

Venting on the highest folks his

Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,

Which wholesome rule

Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,

Who consequently found his freaks

Lead to innumerable scrapes,

And quite as many kicks and tweaks,

Which only seem'd to make him faster

Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,

Incurr'd the desperate displeasure

Of his serene and raging Highness :

Whether he twitch'd his most reverend

And sacred beard,

Or had intruded on the shyness

Of the seraglio, or let fly

An epigram at royalty,

None knows : his sin was an occult one ;

But records tell us that the Sultan,

Meaning to terrify the knave,

Exclaim'd—" 'Tis time to stop that breath ;

Thy doom is seal'd—presumptuous slave !

Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.

Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—

But such is my indulgence still,

That, of my own free grace and will,

I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"

Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust ;

"Since, my last moments to assuage,

Your Majesty's humane decree

Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,

I'll die, so please you, of old age !"

HORACE SMITH.

* * *

AN Irishman, a Scotsman, and an American were standing on the platform.

"He is coming," said the Irishman, as the train steamed into view.

"She is coming," nosed the American.

"It is coming," said the Scotsman.

The joke of this is, the Irishman was right, because it was a "mail" train.

Mottoes for August

The most certain sign of Wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

MONTAIGNE.

The great secret of happiness is to be at ease with yourself. It is well to have in oneself a pleasant refuge.

FONTENETTE.

Sent in by PHOEBE PRESCOTT,
National School, Adlington, Lancs.,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



Day by Day

Thursday, May 24th

THIS morning Father came into the nursery saying: "Nurse, may Freddy and Eva come downstairs, please? I have something to show them." Of course Nurse said "Yes," so down we went. "Oh, what is it, what is it?" said Freddy; but Daddy only smiled, and said, "Wait and see!"

As we opened the study door we heard a funny noise. It seemed to come from under the table. Father stooped down and pulled out a big basket, and there lay three sweet little black puppies, such darlings!

"Which do you like best?" said Daddy. "Uncle Rollo says you may have one." We were so glad!

We took out the puppies to stroke them. One dear little fellow licked Fred's hand.

"Oh, please let us keep this," said Fred. "Look, Eva, his hair is curly, just like Uncle Rollo's, only black." "So it is! Let us keep him, Daddy! And please may we call him Rollo, after Uncle?" I said.

Daddy smiled, and put back the other puppies into the basket.

"Very well," he said. "Now run upstairs again, and put on your hats, and we will go and see if Dick can find a kennel for Rollo."

Away we ran, and soon came back. Poor little Rollo did not like it at first when Dick tied him up, but he soon felt happy, for the other dogs in the barn made friends with him.

As we went away, Daddy said: "You may take Rollo with you when you go for walks, and he may play with you in the

garden, if you do not let him run on the flower-beds, but he must not come indoors."

We could hardly do our lessons this morning, for we were thinking about Rollo. At last Nurse said, "Well, Miss Eva and Master Fred, why do you not work harder? If you looked at the book you would soon know your lessons, and then I should send you out to play with Rollo." After this we did try, but it was hard!



Thursday, May 24th (continued)

After lessons Fred and I ran down to fetch Rollo. When we got to the barn door we stopped. A big black dog, called Rover, was chained up just outside. He was jumping and barking angrily, and we thought he was angry with us.

A strange groom and our little stable boy,

Jack, were standing near. They did not see us. Jack said, "It is a shame, Tom! He is so hungry. Give him his dinner."

I saw Tom go nearer and hold out a bone to Rover. Just when Rover jumped to take it Tom pulled it away. "You bad man, you are unkind!" said Fred, and I begged Tom to give poor Rover the bones.

Tom looked cross and said, "He bit me yesterday, Miss!" "It served you right," said Jack, "you were teasing him." Fred said, "Come on, Eva," and whispered something in my ear. Then we went to fetch Rollo.

He was so glad to see us. We had fine fun, running races till the bell rang for dinner.

At dinner Fred and I put half our pudding on one side. Nurse saw, and said, "You must not waste food." I said, "Oh no, Nurse. Fred's is for Rollo, and mine for Rover."

We told her what we had seen. She said, "Eat it up, and I will ask Cook to give me some food for Rover and Rollo."

After dinner, while Annie held Baby, Nurse fetched us a plate of food, and we went to the barn. When Rover saw us he began to bark, so I got a stick and pushed the plate along the ground to him.

He ate the bones and then wagged his tail. So we went near and patted him and took the plate.

Saturday, May 26th

We often bring Rover food now, and he knows us, and always wags his tail when we come to fetch Rollo, so we always pat him and talk to him when we pass. We will be quite sorry when his master's visit comes to an end and he goes away, taking Tom and Rover with him.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN Irishman called at a post office to see if there were any letters there for him. When asked for his address he said, "Sure, you will find it on the envelope."

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE

COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE,
OR ELSE I'LL BEAT YOU
AS BLACK AS A COAL.



PUT OUT YOUR HORNS,
HERE COMES A THIEF
TO PULL DOWN YOUR WALLS

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

PAT, playing football for the first time, stood in goal and let the ball pass him without the slightest effort to stop it. The captain rushed up to him and said, "Why didn't you stop it?"

"Begorra," exclaimed Pat in surprise, "what's the nets for?"

Unfinished Stories

Burglars!

PEGGY woke up in the middle of the night feeling very hungry.

"Oh dear!" she sighed. "I'll never be able to go to sleep again until I've had a biscuit or something. I'll go downstairs and get one."

She slipped on her dressing-gown and padded down the stairs in her bare feet. She stopped when she came to the hall, for there was a light in the dining-room.

"What a funny thing!" cried Peggy, feeling her heart beginning to bump against her with excitement. "Surely Daddy hasn't left the light on by mistake!"

She peeped through the crack in the door, and saw two men carefully and quietly wrapping up forks and spoons, and putting them in a big bag.

Without waiting an instant, Peggy fled silently up the stairs, and into——

Now finish the story and say what happened next.

Connie's Punishment

THE toys were having a meeting by the nursery fire, after every one had gone to bed.

"Connie broke one of my arms off this morning!" grumbled a pretty little doll.

"And she kicked one of my wheels crooked!" groaned a big red scooter.

"Well, look at me!" cried a kite. "My tail's all tangled, and I've a big tear in one side!"

"She's a careless little girl," said a teddy-bear who had one eye missing, "and must be well punished!"

"But who will punish her?" asked the scooter sadly. "Her mother and father and nurse spoil her and let her do just what she likes!"

"Well, *we* will punish her!" said the teddy-bear. "We really must do something to stop her naughtiness. Mr. Scooter, you can run away with her! Mr. Kite, you can pull her off her feet!"

The toys began to plan——

Now can you tell how Connie was punished?

The Fiddledy Box

THERE was once an old man who owned a Fiddledy Box. Now a Fiddledy Box is a very rare thing, and the old man was very proud of it. He didn't keep it all for himself, however, for he was a kind old fellow, and would lend it to any one who asked him for it.

"Take care of it," he would say, when he lent it to any one. "If you wish a good wish, and open the Fiddledy Box, you will find your wish come true inside it. But beware of bad wishes."

And people would thank him kindly and hurry away with the Fiddledy Box on a barrow—for it was a very big box. Some people wished for food, some for fine dresses, some for gold—and once a little girl had wished for a baby brother, and sure enough, when she looked inside the Fiddledy Box, she found one there, as cosy as could be, on a velvet cushion!

One day the King heard of the Fiddledy Box, and as he wanted some money, he sent his servants to ask the old man if he would lend the box to him.

"Certainly! Certainly!" said the old man, and gave the servants the Fiddledy Box to carry back with them. They took it to the drawing-room, where the King was sitting with the Queen.

"Whatever is that?" asked the Queen.

"That's the magic Fiddledy Box I told you about!" answered the King. "I'm going to wish for gold, and buy some horses and carriages."

"That's very selfish of you!" cried the Queen. "You know perfectly well I'm longing for a diamond necklace. You must wish for that, do you hear!"

"Indeed I shan't!" answered the King crossly.

"You *must*, then, you *must*!" scolded the Queen. "You know my old one is lost!"

"I wish to goodness *you* were lost too!" grumbled the King. He didn't really wish anything of the sort, but he was out of temper.

No sooner had he said those words than the Queen disappeared! One moment she was there—and the next she was gone! The King rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself. He thought he must be in a dream.

He jumped up and called the Queen. But no answer came. He ran out of the room, and looked all over the palace for her, but she was nowhere to be found. Then he called a meeting of his wise men and told them of this strange happening.

Now whilst he was holding the meeting, a little page-boy crept into the empty drawing-room to peep at the Fiddledy Box. He tiptoed up to it and touched it, then he lifted the lid and peeped inside.

"Oh!" he cried in amazement. "Oh! The Queen's inside the Fiddledy Box, fast asleep!"

So she was—but no sooner had he shut the lid again, than the box rose in the air, flew out through the window, and was lost to sight!

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty!" shouted the page, rushing into the council-room. "The Fiddledy Box has flown off with the Queen!"

Up jumped the King——

How did he get the Queen back? Did he have to ask the old man for help? Where did the Fiddledy Box go to? The end of the story will answer these questions when you write it. (See page 128.)

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

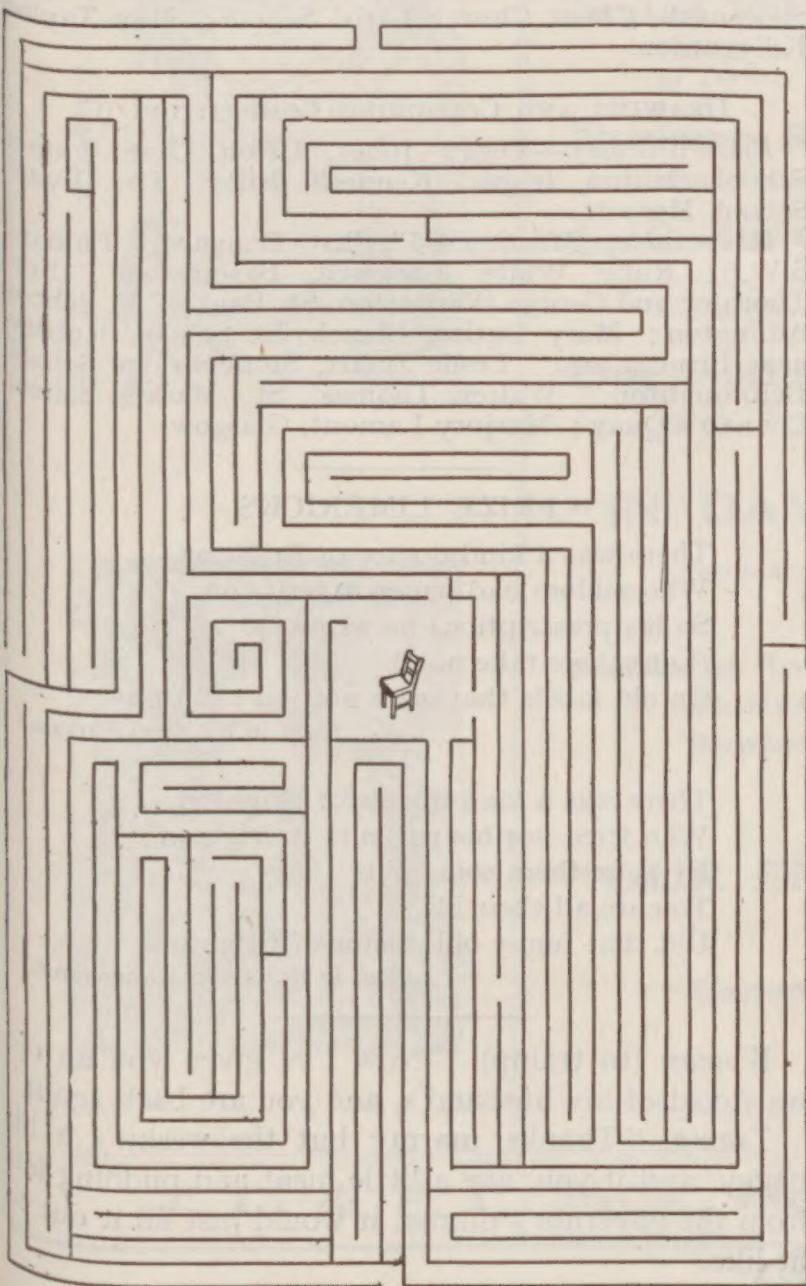
2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than August 22 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

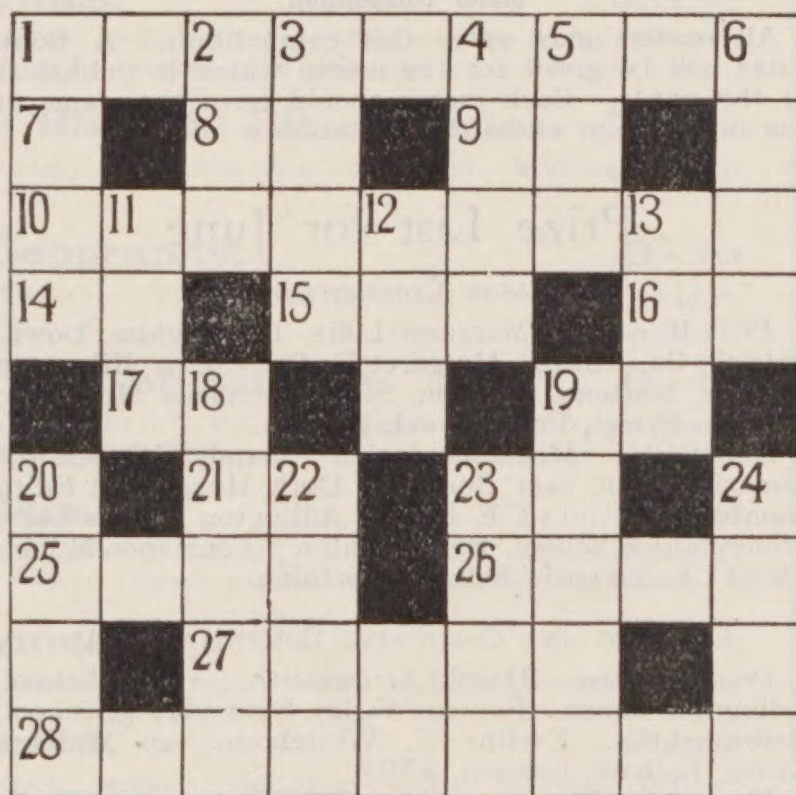


Competitions for August

(During this month, when you are all on holiday, there will not be so many competitions as usual, because I hope it will be such fine weather that you will be able to be out-of-doors all day long. By the time you have settled down again to your school work you will find all the usual attractions in this corner of the *Children's Paper*.)

For Children under Eleven only

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Will.
7. Pronoun.
8. Exclamation.
9. Indefinite article.
10. Wizards.
14. Editor (abbr.).
15. Sun.
16. Preposition.
17. Account (abbr.).
19. Near.
21. Same as 17.
23. University degree.
25. A kind of soil.
26. Spoken.
27. Part of a house.
28. Learning.

DOWN

1. Period.
2. Hang down.
3. Demonstrative pronoun.
4. Armour.
5. Girl's name.
6. Prove.
11. Girl's name.
12. Kind of fish.
13. Negative.
18. Freight.
19. Exposed.
20. In a frenzied state.
22. Talon.
23. Trunk of tree.
24. A colour.

(Sent in by BETTY McCALLUM.)

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a piece of heather, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

THREADING THE MAZE

Can you find the shortest route to the little chair in the centre of the maze on this page? If so, mark on the diagram with a coloured ink the route you consider the shortest, or else trace a copy of the maze on a sheet of paper, showing your route in a similar way.

UNFINISHED STORIES COMPETITION

Complete any one of the three little stories given on page 126.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing, a little larger, of the picture on the cover of this magazine, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

"Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "smile" sent in this month.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for June

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Margaret Lillie, The Asylum, Downpatrick, Co. Down. Margaret E. Du Val, 91 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, London, S.W.16. Sheila Morris, 79 Selborne Street, Frenchwood, Preston.

Honourable Mention.—Isabel Shand, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Doris Hough and Edith Bamber, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Constance Milner, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Harold Arrowsmith, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Frances Wigley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton. Eveline E. Whitehouse, 26 Walham Grove, Fulham, London, S.W.6.

Honourable Mention.—Edward Whitakker, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Moira McIntosh, Coleraine; Ronald Riley, The Fydeall School, Morcott; Sheila Morris, Frenchwood, Preston.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE COMPETITION

(N.B.—The Cross-Word Puzzles sent in by the Prize-Winners will be used from time to time as space permits. The first appears this month.)

Prize-Winners.—Betty McCallum, 68 Clarendon Gardens, Ilford, Essex. George Buchan, 10 Seaforth Road, Aberdeen. William A. Cross, Brookfield, Banbridge, Co. Down. Mabel Connell, 63 Hollybank Road, Drumcondra, Dublin. James E. Watson, 57 Hornsey Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

Honourable Mention.—Isabel Dickson, Sion Mills, Co. Tyrone; Colville Crowe, Newtownards; Doris Hough and Eliza Valentine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Jacky Jones and Joseph Edwards, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Mary Makinson, National School, Adlington; Jane Sloan, Paisley.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Patsie Boentnall, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Hilda F. Stannard, Coppermill Road Girls' School, Walthamstow, London.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Skinner and Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Betty Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham; Evelyn Jiggins, Fulham, S.W.6.; Alice Tudor and Marjorie Whitehead, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

LIMERICK COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Nora Lillie, The Asylum, Downpatrick, Co. Down. David Robertson, 21 Thomson Avenue, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.

Honourable Mention.—Edith Ball, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Doris Pratt, Parkstone, Dorset; Sidney Taylor, Ilford, Essex.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—George Flitcroft, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Arthur Ingham, 23 Deer Park Road, Towneley, Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—Edward Callan and Joseph Wilkinson, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Roy Horsford, Ufton Lane School, Milton Regis; George Crook and Philip John Tyler, The Fydeall School, Morcott; Betty Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Meta Martin, Main Street, Keady, Co. Armagh. Beryl Black, 38 Ferguson Street, Londonderry. Mary Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Jean Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Austen Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Mary Jones, Sittingbourne; Frank Smith, Moston, Manchester; Elsie Shoesmith, Christ Church Girls' School; May Taylor, Killygordon.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Peggy Jones, Ufton Lane Council School, Milton Regis. Kenneth Riley, The Fydeall School, Morcott.

Honourable Mention.—Phyllis Banyard, Fulham, S.W.6; Ruby White, Greywell, Basingstoke; Fred Thornley and George Warburton, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Mary Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Leslie Smart, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Walter Thomas, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Marjory Lamont, Glasgow.

PRIZE LIMERICKS

There was a kind doctor of Brighton
Who seldom had paper to write on,
So his prescriptions he wrote
(Let others take note)

On old labels that were not too tight on.

(Sent in by NORA LILLIE.)

There was a kind doctor of Brighton
Who tried not his patients to frighten;
He gave them some pills
To cure all their ills,
Did that funny old doctor of Brighton.

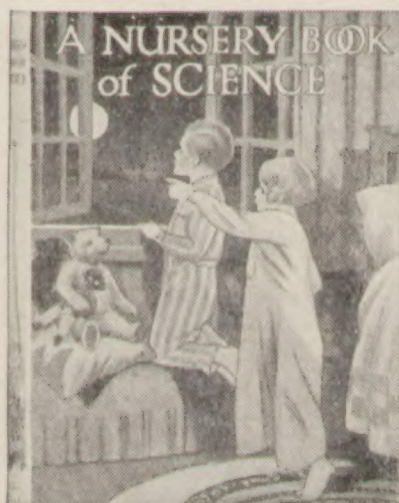
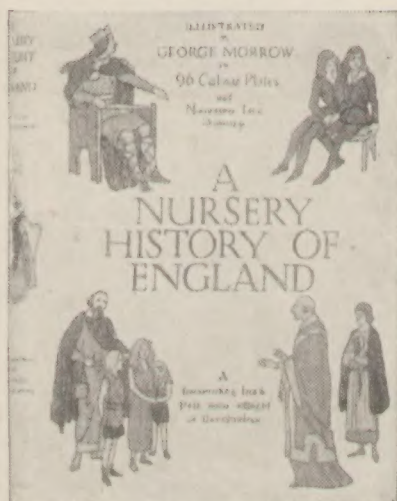
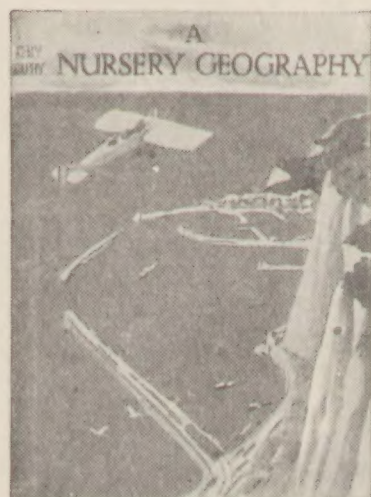
(Sent in by DAVID ROBERTSON.)

Woman (to tramp). "Now I've given you an old waistcoat of my husband's, and you are back again."

Tramp. "Thanks, marm; but the weskit's a bit baggy, and if you 'ave a little meat and pudding left from the governor's dinner, it would just fill it out to fit like."



JACK'S GIFT BOOKS



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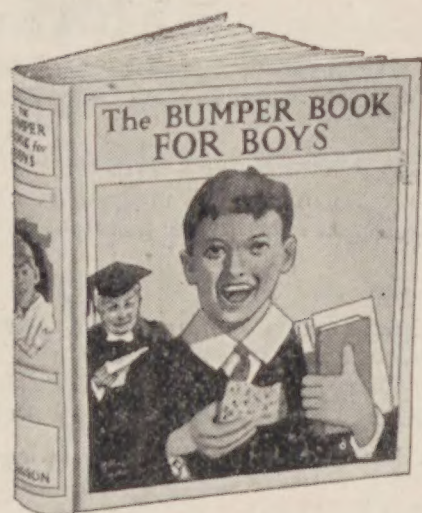
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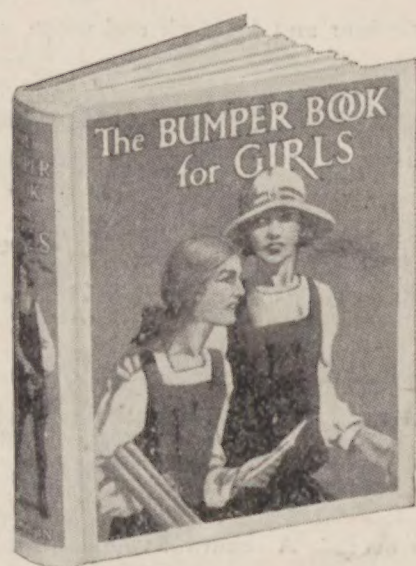
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